

Ordered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

No. 13.

widow of Anthony Rex, the housekeeper.

widow of Anthony Blex, the housewife, her brother, and Bridget Blex, who was married to another deceased brother, and who lived at the abbey with her husband and three children. She lived in the cottage in the forest, upon a small but considerable income realized by her late husband the late Lord of Pomeroy having accorded her the use of the cottage for life. These Rerine knew the exact conditions of the Pomeroy, and about them selves too, as long retained servants in a castle they got to know. The Rerine had already been warned by the Countess to be driven to death with more consideration than they showed to one another, in regard to the fact that they were the confidential retainers of the lords of the castle.

It waited about a week to the wedding, for which all kinds of great preparations were made. On the morning of the wedding, one morning to pass the night in the forest, and now Mrs. Countess was

popularly supposed to be hilling into her cottage. Like many imaginative persons, Mrs. Wyld thought her years are rendered of ruminating on the past, thus of talking of the present, she had been at her books on the bench outside her door in silence, her eyes fixed on the landscape that rose before her, the most conspicuous feature of which was a tall, dark, and gloomy tower in the days that had been. It was thus that Mrs. Wyld found her. That lady who had not felt well of late, and had moreover a horrible fear upon her that she was dying frightfully soon, was ordered by Mr. Nacmi to go to the garden for exercise as she walked, she often passed the cottage in her walks, and had made acquaintance with its tenant.

"Good morning, Maam!"

"Good morning, my dear sa'am," replied Nacmi, raising one of her eyebrows and getting up to curtsy, with all her

litical respect, and to remain standing as long as Mrs. Wyldie chose to halt at her callings. The maids then, observed by the humbler classes to their betters, were very different from those obtaining in those degenerate days; moreover, Naomi Hex knew that Mrs. Wyldie was the mother of the future Lady of Pomeroy. It was the highest position in all the world in poor Naomi's estimation; princes were no doubt, great and grand, but the Pomeroy's were greater.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"Thank you, ma'am, no," murmured the old lady. "I'll stand."

"Now, unless you take this very delicate and delicate business,"—putting her hand out to the speaker by the side—
"shall go away again," said Mrs. Widdowson. And Naomi, who knew what proper manners were, sat down at once. She was a cleanly looking old lady, with

"I hope this day next week will be as fine as this one!" impulsively spoke Mrs. Wyldie, following out her thoughts, as they were rarely absent now from the ceremony that was to be.

"The saints grant it!" acquiesced Naomi.

Mrs. Wyldie, recalled to the present, laughed. "You know, then, what is to take place on that day?"

"Know?" exclaimed Naomi, in her exuberant confidence. "Why, as you are prior at the question, 'His am, could be a very important thing concerning the future of the church, and the prosperity of the community. It is an event as the marriage of the lord. I trust

"Precocious! What do you mean! I have no dictation of what?"

"There need to be a predication taken in the first place," said Naoki, "and you, who the late I was young," calmly answered Naoki, "entirely crossing herself." "Hastily on such a family in the land, me, am," but has his life and his broodings."

"Delirious," answered Mrs. W. "I am not."

"It was just a verse of rhyme, ma' four lines, maybe; though I don't cal mind, at this moment, how they ran."

"And what did they predict?"

"They tell of some ill fortune that

